

# Dr Oatss last Legacy's

## SERMON.

He being sent for to be high Priest to the Grand Turk.

**T**Ruly my Friends you know my Ability comes short of what it was three or four years ago, but what is left except ready money, and my necessary Bums, I shall freely give and bequeath amongst you. For you know, as sure as there was a Popish Plot, I am seven hundred pounds the worse for the Court.

*Imprimis*, I give and bequeath to his Grace the two Bastards that some of our Sister-Hood laid at my door, four years ago, perhaps he may manage them to be as fit for Kings as himself. The *L.B. 7-2* Commission, which I gave him I Recall and give it unto Bully Tom for the good service he has done his Grace, provided he do not presume to the Crown himself.

The Commission which I gave to the *L. P. 5-1*, to be High-Treasurer, to the Popish invisible Army, I Recall, and give it to *Ch. 4-1* with his wooden Leg. The *L. P. 1-1* Commission I give to *Willow*: he was ever true to the Cause.

*R. 1-1* Commission I give to *Brandon*: he has been Vigilant all a long. The *L. 4-1* Place and Commission, I give to *H. 4-1* in the Tower for his Father was *Olivere* own Cozen, and a Lie of his creating. The *L. 1-1* Commission I give to *T. 4-1*. What a plague am I a doing: I shall never have done with those forty Damn'd Commissions; dispose of the rest at your Discretion. Not that they do not deserve all this kindness from me, because they durst not trust me with the right Plot. There's an Old *Meal-sut* behind the door there; I leave that to *Sr. W. 1-1*, and that flogging bed in the Corner there; and that Harsh Horn to hang his Hat on, when he comes to Town: he's the honestest man in all the party; ah, that good man, I wonder what's become of him, that I never heard from him, but he was always so Zealous in hunting after the plaguy Jesuits, and turning up the Old Womens Smock, for fear the Priests should escape under that disguise; and being purblind, was forc'd to thrust his Nose so near the Crevices, that I am afraid the poor little Knight is snapt up, and lost in some of those dark Quarters of the World: and here's an Old Geneva Bible, and the rest of my *Liberies*, that treats of their Crucified God. I leave 'em to *Sr. W. 1-1* if e're he comes to see his almost vertuous *L. 4-1*, that he may burn 'em all: for he's mighty ingenious at it but for my *Narrative*, the *Alcoran*, *Tom-Thum*, *Jack-Straw*, the growth of Popery *Care's* *Pacquet*, *Baxter's* Call, *Bedlams* *Narrative*, *Dugdals* *Narrative*, &c. Let him keep them for the benefit of the Mahometan Saints, my Lord *Russels* Speech must be kept till he's Canonized for a Saint.

My swearing Office and all the Rights and Priviledges, thereunto belonging, I leave to *Mr. D. 4-1* and *Mr. P. 1-1* for they are just Men like my self.

My Ears I leave to *Sr. P. 1-1* for I am sure he'll have occasion for them, when he appears in publick, my Jack-Spit and long Spoon, I leave to *Sidney*, to carry with him down into the Country, where the Cabals are now kept, by

**M**Y Friends I am, in you expect a Lecture, or a short Exhortation at parting  
 & as I am not over stocks with Religious duties my infallible Talents of  
 speaking, I'll be short with you for my Text, I will not look back, for I am al-  
 most as great a stranger to the *Memorials* as yet, as to the Bible, I preach all by *Inspi-  
 ration*. Oh! Popery, Popery's coming upon you, have a care I say, of *Anti-  
 Christ*, and Popery, Remember my words when I am gone, Bind your Nobles in  
 Fetters, and your Princes in Chains, Stand up for your Liberties, and Properties  
 and the good old Cause, for the Liturgie of the English Church is nothing but  
 Superstition and Popery, the Bishops are all Popes, and the Clergymen  
 are all Jesuits. Nay the Bible it self, if you search it from one  
 end to the other, is little better then Popery, it was Popery that  
 brought in the Bible, and as long as there is a Bible in  
 the Nation, You'l ne'r be free from Popery. Leave the use of Women as  
 I do, leass your Children turn Papists & swear, Blasphemy, Whore, commit  
 Buggery, Cheat, be Drunk, Lie, Steal, Whine, Fear, Grin, Mout, Cant,  
 snivel, Inarl, scratch, Bite, cut throats and Rebel, be Damn'd or any thing to  
 prevent Popery, but I am almost spent, My Benediction on you all, I leave  
 you to the protection of *Malice* and the Devil, I need to spread, I wish no m-

LONDON, Printed for J. Dean 1683.

[illegible]